French Orphans' Guard

"IN THE CLAWS OF THE HUNS"

MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCES
IN BELGIUM AND
GERMANY

BY
MARIE ROSE LAULER
Of France

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS

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My Personal Experiences in Belgium and Germany

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Of France

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THE FRENCH ORPHANS' GUARD

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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EBL
N.Y. Pub. 940481 - L 36
121,927

INTRODUCTION.

The short story you are going to read is not the result of a visionary mind but the personal experience of a young French girl, twenty years of age, who has seen more during this cruel war, in the few months of her early life, than a grandmother of eighty.

She came to this country before the entry of the United States in the war, became a teacher in our Indianapolis "Paris School of French" and was elected secretary of the Alliance Francaise of Indianapolis (a rare compliment for a young girl), and was appointed instructress of French at INDIANA STATE UNIVERSITY, Bloomington, Indiana, where she is still a member of the Faculty. Later on with the permission of the President of the University, she was sent by the Indiana State Council of Defense through the country to relate her experiences to the public. She is now touring the United States educating the people in the mysteries of this brutal war.

Her story is written in a simple girlish French manner, which gives added strength to the facts. Read it, overlook the mistakes in grammatical construction and when you are through pass it to your friends. It is inspiring and well worth your time.

It is an honor and a great pleasure for me to be able to pay a tribute to this young French heroine.

CLAUDE MICHELON,

Director of the "Paris School of French," The Alliance Française and the French Orphans' Guard of Indianapolis, Indiana.

CHAPTER I.

This story begins in a certain convent school near Lille on the French-Belgian frontier. The school was in Belgium because after the law of separation of state and church became effective, the sisters settled in Belgium. Battles have been fought right there and all around and are still fought not far from there.

I was a student in the school, my parents came to the United States when I was but a child. They left me over there to continue my education. I was being reared by the nuns and as my parents were so far away many privileges were granted me, one being my frequent visits to the home of Marie Claire, my closest convent friend, who lived in Lille. The members of Marie Claire's family were her mother; Henri, the eldest son; the younger sister, Marguerite; and dear little brother, Michael.

It was the first of August, 1914, when we were having final exams and professors from different universities came to sanction our work. It was during the history exam that we received the first news of the war. The sisters were filled with fear at the beginning. Our teacher simply left the classroom and locked the door. "The Germans are mobilizing!" was the only sound we could distinguish. In all this con-

fusion the afternoon passed. Pretty soon all the professors belonging to the jury left. Many of us, however, thought the matter was not serious. We were on Belgian territory; hence, on neutral soil. From time to time I thought of leaving for the United States, but on the second of August all communications were cut off.

It happened that we had a few German girls in our school, who had been there only a short time. One of them said to me, "Why did you declare war on us?" My answer was, "You don't mean that France declared war on Germany. Did you see one French soldier since you are around here?" "No," She said, "but you declared war on us anyhow." Before I could answer her she gave me a blow on my nose. I took her by the hair and pulled her to the station and put her on the train, and I hope she has reached her beloved Fatherland by this time.

At midnight we were awakened from deep but troubled slumber by the violent ringing of the bells and the cry, "WAR! WAR! ON TO THE FRONTIER! LET'S HURRY!" It was a dark night; in the darkness we could see the slender forms of the young boys leaving for the frontier. Just two hours before we read in the "Courrier," "The emperor of Germany will keep the neutrality of Belgium." And now our boys were marching to the cry, "On ne passe pas." This was a coincidence we could not understand at the time.

On the third of August troops continued to pass and the people became more excited. We went to the station to see the soldiers off, singing the Brabanconne and the Marseillaise. There were only four students left at the school, an English girl, a French girl, a Belgian girl, and myself. I was considered an American because my parents resided in the United States, a country I had never seen. The four allied nations were represented. Where those four girls are today no one knows. The French girl left the same day and walked to Reubaix; the Belgian girl went to Cuba. That is as far as I know.

The fourth of August we were in the war. The barbarians were fighting at Liege and a fleet approached Anvers.

Soon the hospitals at Bruxelles were filled with wounded soldiers. The first appeal for the Red Cross was made by Mrs. Bedford and Countess Merode. Immediate response was made. Our school was converted into a hospital. I spent my time going through a course of training for service in the Red Cross. As a hospital, our Pensionnat looked most inviting. All beds were covered with snow white linens, white pillows, and red coverlets. We had a very thrilling time carrying hundreds and hundreds of beds downstairs. I shall never forget how proud I was when attired in a white apron, a little white cap, and a big red cross on my sleeve. To be a Red Cross

nurse was such an interesting and needed profession that at this time I did not think of going to the United States.

Meanwhile the barbarians approached and we could measure their advance each day by the roar of their cannon. We could not hear the cannons from Liege unless we put our ears to the ground, but the cannons at Maubeuge were heard distinctly. About the middle of August three hundred French soldiers were at ———. We were looking at the few machine guns they had placed not far from the barracks. We had never seen any in action before.

The Uhlan patrol was already in the vicinity of the city. We heard the rattle of arms and everybody ran out to see what was going on, but a shower of bullets flying in every direction, windows breaking, large pieces of cement flying in the air told the people that they had better go back into their houses as the streets were no longer safe. Everybody found refuge in the cellars; civilians were killed and wounded; bullets came through the houses in showers. At the faubourg a few houses were on fire. The barbarians came into the cellars and carried the girls and women away. Amidst this confusion a little boy five years old stood praying in a corner and begging the Huns not to separate him from his mother. They gave him a heavy blow on the head but he continued to pray.

The Huns gave an order to open all doors.

Upon entering one house they found an old man and an old woman whom the Huns accused of opening a door for two French soldiers to escape. The old man stammered a few words trying to explain that they opened the door because it was the German command. They did not listen to that old voice but took him out behind the house and made him dig his own grave, then covered his eyes, and while they shot him the old woman had to make an omelet for them. As soon as she had finished with that her fate was the same as that of her husband.

The firing had ceased and we were permitted to go out to help the wounded. Night came on and out in the fields the barbarians were digging holes for the dead. Some of them brought big oil cans, sprinkled the houses, and they were burned down in a few minutes. The people sleeping in those houses had not been warned to get out. Many of them were burned, others were crying and moaning over the great suffering of their wounds. A mother ran into a half-burned room where she found her child burned to death. We were still on the battlefield looking for wounded so as to be sure that no one was neglected, as it was easily possible on the widespread cornfield. In the darkness we could see nothing but smoldering embers of destroyed houses. As soon as the grave for the French soldiers was finished several hundred bodies were placed in it. Old and young brought

THE DAILY REPAST OF THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE IN A RECAPTURED CHURCH.

wreaths and flowers and spread them over this grave which looked like a beautiful flower bed. The French flag was put in the center with the inscription "To Our Brothers Who Fell for Their Country on the 24th Day of August, 1914."

For hours people kneeled around the grave, their hands folded in prayer. As we looked up we perceived the last flicker among the ruins. Henri, the brother of Marie Claire, was in the ambulance corps. He took out of his pocket a little silk flag. One gleam of the fire thrown upon it made it possible to see the stars. He pinned it on me and in a few minutes he disappeared. It was an American flag. It spoke of liberty, but here we were in the hands of the Huns. For how long?

CHAPTER II.

The following day I went back to the convent school and I had to have a passport to get there. I secured it at the Palais de Justice or the Commandatur. I walked all day. An aeroplane was circling above me. It came closer and closer until I perceived the pilot. He threw something in my direction and at first I thought it might be a bomb and jumped into the gutter. To my astonishment it was a letter in a triangular form. I opened it and it read:—"Courage. The victory will be ours. We shall fight till the end.—(Signed) Pegoud." It was the well known Pegoud whom we had seen many times before flying over our city. His little note was a relief to me and the others who read it. I continued to walk on as formerly. Pegoud went over on the enemy's side, circled, in spite of all the bullets flying about his, then he disappeared.

I passed a large hospital, which was filled with wounded soldiers. The barbarians claimed that the nuns had taken better care of the French wounded than of the German wounded. The sisters were put in line and shot, then the school was blown to pieces.

German troops came from every direction and I had a chance to cross the fields. I passed a boys' school. Everything had been taken away from the building. As I

walked on I saw the Red Cross flag on nearly every house. All the schools, commercial and club buildings were filled with wounded. Finally I reached the Pensionnat and I went up to the dormatory. There I found that my bed and chairs and everything had been taken down for the wounded. In utter exhaustion I slept on the floor for a few hours.

I was aroused by horrible cries. From the window I saw the barbarians march by. The night was clear and I could distinguish at a short distance a Carmelite convent. The Huns broke the windows and doors, went into the nuns' rooms, threw them out and took possession of the convent. In another school were found dead nuns who were killed in a most terrible way. A few days later the bodies of some of these unfortunates were found in the river several miles away. This was the way the Huns disposed of some of the bodies.

The breaking into the houses continued the whole night, and there was only one punishment awaiting the people who did not open promptly their doors when the Huns commanded, "If you don't open right away everything will be put on fire and you will all be shot." And then they showed their revolvers. That night many lives were taken and the memory of the indescribable atrocities will be forever burned into the minds and hearts of the beholders.

At the beginning of September the Huns took entire possession of our convent school.

They first went into the kitchen, took all the provisions they could find, lunched, and made themselves at home. They selected the rooms they desired for their own use and told us where we could stay. Silver was put in nice boxes and sent to their wives and sweethearts. The furniture was loaded on wagons and sent to Germany. One barbarian came up to me and wanted a piece of chocolate. He put his revolver under my chin and told me to be back in a few minutes with the candy or I would be shot. If they wanted water, I had to run and get it and then drink before they did in order to show them that it had no poison in it. During this time some of the sisters were gathered in the chapel in prayer, others were hidden in the cellar with fear.

Downtown was the abomination of desolation. The station was blown up. All telegraph wires and telephone wires were cut down. They even blew up all the safety lockers and destroyed or kept all valuable papers.

In general, people were living in cellars. They took, when they had a chance, a few things with them and lived constantly in any underground seclusion. In our square the houses were close together. We made passages from one cellar to another and in this way we could walk one block from cellar to cellar. We passed many hours of suffering through fear and hunger, many hours of misery in the cellars, praying and

consoling each other, and during this time the Hun was doing his work of destruction in our homes.

They had a system in their piracy which is one virtue that they inherited from their ancestors. They took hostages from every city and village. Usually they took the mayor, teachers, priests, ministers, and all the prominent people from the place they had invaded. Then they wrote out a statement of everything they wanted, from the place they wanted it, and the hour at which it had to be delivered to them by German time. There was a difference of an hour between German and French time. Should the boche not receive the exact number of things wanted, everybody taken as hostage was shot and the whole city burned to ashes.

At the very beginning they took our aumonier (chaplain of school) as prisoner. They put him in a small room, locked the windows, placed a guard at the door, left him in there for several days, and fed him on bread and water.

One day they announced in the newspapers that they had taken Verdun. To celebrate their victory they needed several thousand bottles of champagne and every home was obliged to deliver fifty or a hundred bottles of wine to the Germans by three o'clock, German time. The rule was that if you did not have wine you had to buy it for them or secure it in some way. Failure to comply with this order was pun-

ishable by death. Near the school lived a liquor dealer. One morning everything had disappeared from his store. He complained and the Germans told him that they would put a guard in front of the store. They did, and the following day the poor man found that all the liquor was stolen. The guards, themselves, had put it in a safe place for their own use.

It was necessary to have a passport to go anywhere, if only a square away, and a card for everything that was purchased. Most of the time we could not get anything in the way of food because all available foodstuff was being sent to their Germany.

Along the streets on the thresholds sat the poor women looking at their grocery stores and crying, "If they had only paid for what they have taken from us." When they would ask the officer in command to pay for the things he had ordered the soldiers to take from the stores he would say, "All right, I'll give you a bond and after the war is over our emperor will pay you." They simply took a scrap of paper and wrote in German,—"Come to Paris next week and I'll meet you there." That was a German war bond.

The only cheer we heard was "Paris;" the only inscription we read on their munition wagons was "Paris;" and the only thought was a good dinner in Paris. Their dinner is cold by this time and they must starve to death because they are still longing for it.

The first stores they plundered were the jewelry stores. They were not content with all the jewelry, but they even took the watches which the owners of the stores wore. My watch was at the jeweler's at that time and it took a pleasure trip to "Hunland" several months before I did.

Once I even had to act as interpreter. I did not know any English except "Yes sir," "No sir," a few formal expressions and about fifteen grammar rules which did not help me any. They took me early in the morning to the mayor's house and with the aid of a dictionary I acted as English and French interpreter. Most of the Huns spoke both languages. They had no need of an interpreter but they again wanted to play a mean trick, and for many days I had to take a walk to the city hall, interpret, and listen to their mean sentences and commands. After I read over a statement of a resume of all the things they demanded from the city, I remarked that they wanted everything imaginable from a toothpick to an automobile. When they ravaged the homes they took clothes, furniture, lights; they even took the metal door knobs and all the barbed wire they could find.

The instructions for civilians were different every day. They were announced on red, yellow, and blue placards printed in German, English, French, and Flemish. Not more than five people were allowed on the street together. We had to watch our

speech very closely because of any condemnatory sentence was heard by a barbarian we would be shot or made prisoner. Girls disappeared every day. One of my friends once said in French, "Aren't those Germans terrible?" She was sent to Germany to work . Sometimes fifty or sixty people disappeared and were taken to Mons where they were blinded after they had to dig their own graves and then they were shot.

Thus the days passed. Our intense suffering was depicted upon our faces and bodies, for hunger is a cruel taskmaster. Not even with money could one buy a crumb of bread.

One morning they wanted several million francs, an indemnity, as they called it. They imperiously commanded that the money be in at nine o'clock the next morning, German time. Hostages were being taken again. Little children, whose fathers or brothers were taken as hostages, walked from house to house and stopped passers-by pleading for money with which they might secure the release of their fathers and brothers. After collecting money through the entire night, we had the set amount ready at nine o'clock the following morning. After counting the money an officer announced in a devilish voice that his emperor does not accept paper money. He would accept only gold and silver. Then we had to begin our drive over again for gold and silver in order to keep the Huns

from shooting our mayor, priests, our relatives, and to prevent them from destroying our city. Such things happened for months and years and are still going on, and will go on until there are no barbarians left.

If everything is made in Germany, truth is not made there. How do the Germans keep up the morale of their soldiers and civilians? By lies and nothing but lies. Falsity is born in them and they are inconvertible. In their newspapers they have victories every day. A big headline in one of their papers read:—"Eighty thousand English prisoners taken." We knew that the British did not have eighty thousand men on the whole front at that time. The strictest instructions were given to civilians that day. Instead of ordering everybody to go out of doors and see the prisoners pass, we all had to stay in. Just a few of us were permitted to look out of the windows. I made up my mind to count the prisoners with pencil and paper. They passed in great numbers and I came to the conclusion that it was the first time that the Huns told the truth. It was already getting dark and the "Tommies" still passed. They could hardly walk any more. One of them wrote a note which said: "This is the fifty-second time that we pass." This explained that the Huns had taken four or five hundred prisoners and marched them around the same square. These were the eighty thousand prisoners they had taken.

CHAPTER III.

In the month of October he had big food requisitions. People tried to save food in various ways. Some of them dug big holes in their yards and buried what provisions they could save. Very often we would walk on the streets and we would step on jelly or butter which the barbarians had thrown away. They threw away and trampled on food after their own wants were satisfied, preferring to look into the starved faces of those hungry people rather than to bestow this discarded food upon them. The farmers were especially warned to bring everything they possessed to the court house. In the following way the boche made that request: "You must remember that this country belongs to the emperor of Germany; consequently, your farm is a part of the German empire. You don't need to take care of it. We have plenty of women to do the work. If you don't send all the provisions of your farm to the court house, your home will be blown up and you with it." And so the farmers spent day and night carrying provisions to the Huns.

What do you think of this way of conserving food? Not far from our school lived a widow with six children, whose husband had been killed in the war and she

alone had to provide for the six little ones. Fortunately, she had a pig. She came to us and cried because she had been ordered to deliver her only pig to the Germans. As that was the only meat she counted on for the winter, she asked our advice as to how she could save it. We could not advise her because if it would be found by the Huns, her life would have been forfeited. She went back home and her little boy met her at the door saying, "Mother, the boche are already next door. They are taking all the pigs." She hurried to the stable and took out the pig and put it in her sitting room where the pig jumped around. Since she thought that they would find it, she killed it. It is too bad it was not a Hun. Then she put it on the table, covered it with a white sheet, put flower pots and candles around it, and made the children kneel in prayer. The children were all crying because the pig was killed. Their mother told them that if the Germans came in and asked any questions they should answer "Oui monsieur" and she hid herself in a closet. The Huns came in and as soon as they saw this sight they turned away. The officer came back and asked the children, "Did your mother die " The children, ordered to say "Yes sir," said "Yes sir." The Huns went away. You should have seen the celebration of the pig after the barbarians left. They kissed the pig and they danced around it. They had enough meat for the whole

winter. That is how the poor widow saved her only pig.

When the emperor was coming to Lille they wanted to prepare an extra fine dinner for him. They ordered everybody who had chickens to put them in cases and bring them to the State House. We had about 51 chickens at the school and did not want to give them to the Huns. How should we save them. We did not wish to kill them in one day because we could not eat them all in one day. We put them in cases and they made such a terrible noise that they could be heard for three squares away. As the Germans were approaching we hastily ran into the recreation hall where there were two pianos. We put the boxes on each side of the pianos and played for the chickens the whole afternoon. The Huns looked for them in the stables and all around but could not find them. And the chickens were saved for us.

I went to the grocery and on the way stopped in to see one of my friends. She was not at home. Just then the barbarians came in and wanted to talk to the brother of my friend. He was not at home either and I was kept prisoner several hours until my friend came home. As we walked through the city we saw German inscriptions on the doors and shutters of several houses. Almost all of those houses had been plundered. Of course, they could not carry the houses away to Germany. They

wrote with chalk on the walls in German "This house is to be protected" or "Please protect this house" or "Good people protect them" and these were signed by an officer or colonel. We wondered what those inscriptions meant because there was usually nothing left in the houses. We concluded that it must have been one of their tricks. They were just warning the troops that were to pass after them, that they need not stop at those houses because everything had been removed from them. We three girls got all the chalk we could find and with a search light went out into the night to write inscriptions on the houses. We had to practice a whole day to write in German "This house is to be protected," etc., and we signed a captain's or an officer's name to our inscriptions. The following day 45,000 troops passed without stopping. The only thing they did was to murmur "Nothing left, nothing left." Our trick worked splendidly for several weeks.

The Huns did not leave the people quiet for a minute. They took the old men with them to the front and in the trenches where they were shot by our own soldiers. A bishop, about 80 years old had to walk 20 miles. When he was unable to advance as quickly as the Huns they gave him blow upon blow with their guns. When he could walk no longer they threw him into a room where he was left alone for several days

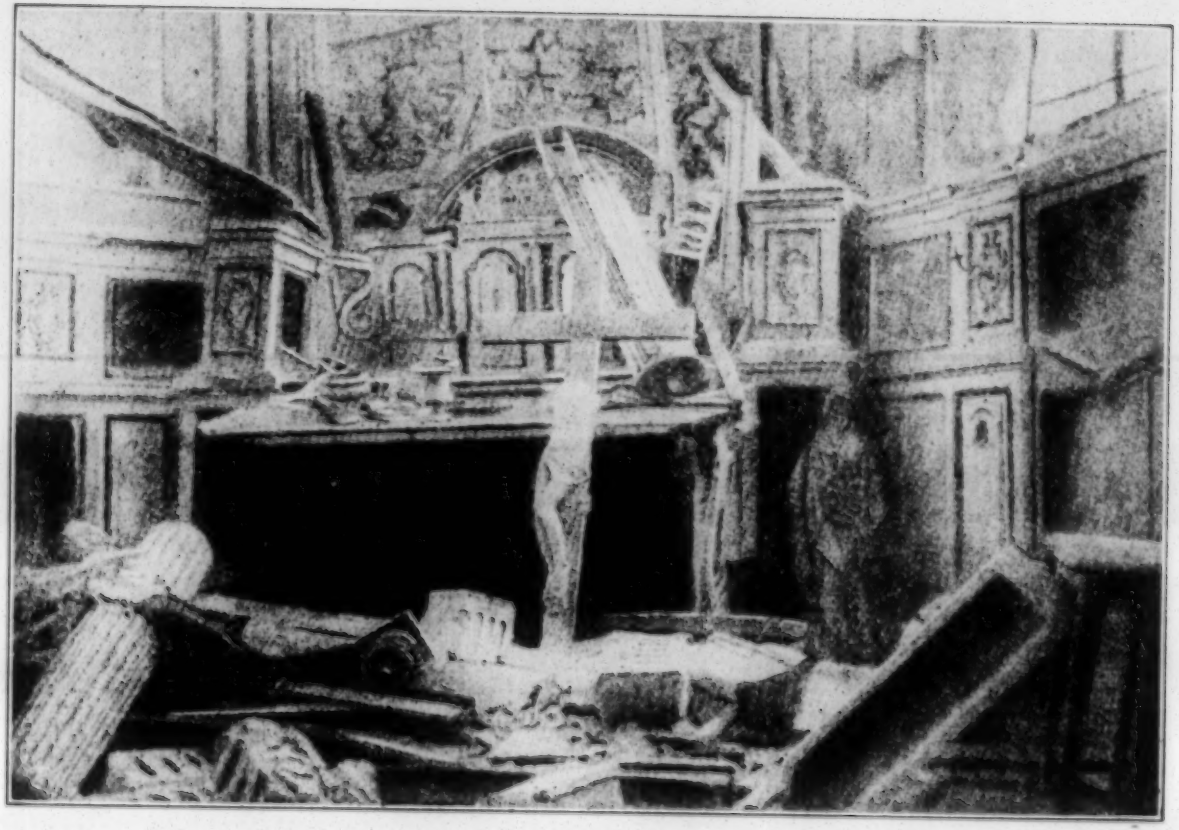

ILLUSTRATION OF THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE HUNS.

lying on the floor. What they did with him afterward I never heard.

The churches always were the first places of destruction. They found no other places in which to put their horses and they put them into the churches. They used our sitting room for stables too. But if the Huns have destroyed our churches, our cathedrals and the history of our country, they cannot destroy our spirit, the spirit of France and the spirit of the allies is immortal and the constant answer to all this destruction is "On ne passe pas. Debout les morts."

Very few visitors came to the front except refugees who had walked for days and nights. They did not know where they were going. They came from one battle and ran into another. One day a few girls arrived at our school and found us in the cellar. They had walked 15 miles and wanted to go to school. Even at this time education was not neglected on the front. Children came to school with gas masks. In the cellars you could see mothers reading aloud to their children, the cannons did not disturb them. Others played on the piano and could not hear the constant roaring. One good effect of the war upon the people is that it inspires them to read good books and good poetry. Why I even wrote some poetry myself!

It was necessary to have a passport to go into our own gardens, which, by the way,

did not look much like gardens in this horrible day.

How did we live in the school? What did we eat? We had coffee, black hard bread and a few potatoes. Sometimes we were three weeks without seeing a piece of bread and we ate potatoes instead.

The children around there did not lose their happy spirit. They played in the yards during the heaviest firing. They impersonated in scorn the Huns. Very often they would stop me and say "Don't pass. If you do we will cut your hands off!" They made German helmets with carrots and pieces of paper and handkerchiefs. However, an order on yellow placards soon forbade the derisive games of the innocents.

We received flour one day from the United States. After days of partaking of the discarded food and crumbs from the Huns' banquet, I wish you could have seen us looking out from our hiding places when we heard the noise of heavy trucks. They were draped with American colors and loaded with food. Sack after sack of flour was brought into the State House and distributed to the starving people who silently thanked America.

As we could not wear our French flag nor the Belgian flag, many of us wore the American flag instead. The allies were just a few miles from us. Very often during the night we thought we could hear them talking and we were always expecting to see

them in the morning. One morning as we woke up we looked out of the window and saw troops in the distance wearing field uniforms. It was a very foggy day so we ran out of doors to secure a better view of the troops, expecting them to be British soldiers. But we were filled with fear when we recognized the Uhlans. One of them put his lance through the arm of a girl about 14 years old. They told us that they had expected to reach Paris but as they could not get to Paris they were going to destroy everything and kill everybody.

They continued to bring the wounded to the school but they had German nurses to care for them. All the ground surrounding the school had been converted into a cemetery and there was not one little square for another grave. They took the bodies a little further away, finally, put them on freight trains, dug big holes and threw them in.

CHAPTER IV.

One October morning the bombardment was light and we wondered what the cause for this was. We did not see one German soldier on the street. At the beginning we did not dare go out because we had no passport. At noon while in the dining room eating a light lunch, the door bell rang. I went to the door and a little boy cried, "Our soldiers are here, our soldiers are here!" Before I had time to ask him where they were he had disappeared. I ran in, brought the good news to the others and was so anxious to see the allies that I ran out to look for them with my plate in my hand. People were walking on the street shouting and looking for our soldiers and were told that they would be found on the fields. There was such a crowd we could hardly move. At last we reached a field and there we met our soldiers. We were so excited and so glad to see them back again that we kissed every one of them. Mothers saw their sons again; sisters, their brothers and sweethearts, their beloved ones. We packed together the few things left in the stores and brought them to our French, Belgian, English and Canadian soldiers.

Upon turning around we saw clouds of dust in the distance and we knew that the cavalry was approaching. We hadn't time to look very long because the Zepplins were

dropping bombs. We ran to the gutters and remained there a few minutes. As we were accustomed to fighting we ran out to see what else was taking place. The cavalry were now near us. Here was a new kind of soldier. We heard some of our soldiers murmur "Barbarian" but what they really said was "Arabian." As they came closer we started to retreat but our friends told us to remain and we heard them singing the Marseillaise. We then ran to meet them and were astonished at their funny uniforms. Some of them talked in French and called us "Amis." Their little horses pranced around. We took their turbans in our hands and found them to be much lighter than we had expected. Their uniforms were different but they all had the French code. We were surprised to see that many of them were accompanied by women, who wore the same uniform as the men and were also armed. The women were first class fighters because they were sent out on patrol. Our soldiers finally entered the city. The people invited them into their houses and gave them a reception but it was a very meager one, I must say.

In our square lived a man whom we suspected as a spy. He did not seem to be interested in the war; he said he knew nothing about it but at the same time he knew everything. He was gone very often "on business" as he explained it. Now we had an opportunity to find out what his "business" was. We went to his house but it

was locked. We three girls broke in through the windows, and went into the cellar. There we found a wireless telephone and letters piled high, written in German. Some of these were addressed to His Majesty. One of the girls took the correspondence and I carried the telephone. We were ready to jump out of the window when we saw our man coming up the street. We jumped through the window and I threw the wireless telephone as far as I could and with the other two girls I caught the man. He couldn't imagine what the trouble was. He shrieked until his throat was sore, and we called "Police, police." It took the police a long time to come and we had to hold on to him so tightly that I tore a piece of his shirt off which I kept for a souvenir. Soon the police came. They did not tell us what they intended to do with him but we knew that he had betrayed his last Frenchman.

Our soldiers were in control of the city, yet the Huns were not very far from us, for from time to time a few Uhlans appeared in the neighborhood.

Many chateaux were located around Lille. One of them was inhabited by the Tommies. There were fifteen of them, drinking and eating in the dining room. The maid ran in unexpectedly and said, "Go out quickly, the German patrol is coming!" One of the Tommies was curious and went to the window and looked out. The Huns were about one hundred and fifty feet away. With the

others he crept out of the chateau and found some sticks which they planted behind the bushes in front of the chateau. On the sticks they attached their caps. This finished, they went in again and resumed their meal. The patrol advanced. The officer took out his spy glass and pointed to the bushes. They suspected that the English were hidden there. However, they advanced forty feet and when the officer gave the order they fired. The caps whirled! They kept firing at them for about three hours; it takes caps longer to fall than men. Some of them whirled around and finally disappeared. A few were still on the sticks. Now the Tommies appeared and got into action. They crouched behind the bushes where the caps had fallen. The Huns all lined up four by four and advanced, and it happened that every Tommy shot from four to ten Huns that day. There was not even one of the barbarians left to bring the news to their battalion. The Tommies then went down town wearing the caps punctured by the bullets. They certainly celebrated that night. Vive les Tommies!

Our soldiers had been among us for just a few hours but we could tell by their quiet air that they were awaiting an attack, or preparing to fight themselves. It was hard to read their thoughts. Scarcely was it to be realized that they were with us but we never thought they would have to leave us again. How strange God's ways are.

CHAPTER V.

The following morning was a beautiful one, if I recall correctly. We were awakened by the roaring of the airplanes. They flew over our city in great numbers. One big Taube seemed to leave the others. We did not stop to think what that would mean. Early that morning we started down town to look for some cigarettes for the soldiers. Coming around the corner of a certain street we heard a shot. One—then more than a hundred followed. Soon machine guns began to rattle and in a few seconds a fierce battle was raging. The German army marched through the main street; they were coming from Antwerp. What extreme suffering was ours. Their national hymn rang in our ears. But a still darker cloud was ahead. People tried to escape from the new horrors awaiting them. If the Huns should come back we would have to go through worse experiences than before. This thought of the coming monster caused the people to run away. The fighting was in our midst. I always had a little valise standing near my bed because I was ready any moment to run away. I ran upstairs, picked up the valise and left the school. We walked slowly as thousands of people were moving on the same road. Many

DEPORTATION OF FRENCH PRIESTS AND CIVILIANS INTO GERMANY.

of them did not know where they were going or where they had come from. Children had lost their minds. Many were seriously wounded. In front of me walked a little girl about 11 years old. She had rags tied around her arms and she told us that the boches had cut her arms from below the elbow. A woman next to her was crying and I asked her the cause. She said she wished she had her child. I asked her where it was. She recalled the scene saying she had the baby in her arms. The child was wearing a little cap with the inscription "Vive la Belgique!" "The Huns passed me," she continued, "and as soon as they saw this inscription one drew his sword and cut her, threw her on the ground and trampled upon her." This he did before the eyes of the mother who will carry this horrible picture with her always. These crimes can never be forgotten.

We walked and walked. This was unfortunate Belgium and France moving, women, old men, infirm, injured children, old and young walked to death, prison or worse, but we walked on. The airplanes were dropping bombs. Whole villages were destroyed. All the trees in the forests were cut down. We stopped in a small village not knowing where we were, for there were no signs to direct us. In the ruins we saw a big crowd. A few chairs were left but those had been broken to pieces. We sat down to rest on what had evidently been a

floor. Oh, the misery! We tried to console each other. Among us were a few women, merry and generous beings, smiling even in the prospect of illness or death. I asked the names of several children around me but they had forgotten them. Others talked nonsense. Many of them hardly wore any clothing. A little fellow made everybody smile when he said, "People, don't cry. I had a chance to save my canary bird." And then he held up the canary's cage. This reminded me to see what I had saved. The valise I carried was very light and did not bother me very much. I opened it and all I had saved were six old handkerchiefs. They were the only possessions I had carried away but I had something to give to a few children. Before morning we found that the Huns were upon us again. As we looked out we could see them digging trenches and putting barbed wire across the streets. People were still passing. I will never forget the expressions on the faces in that crowd. I looked deep into their hearts, into their souls, which were changed more than the surface of the earth. As we were in the hands of the Huns again we had to move under their command. The fighting lines were in front of us and on both sides. The only thing we could do was to go back home. Back home? Most of us had no homes left. I decided to go back to the school. The Huns went into the houses, drove all the women and girls out and

struck them with the flat of their swords and while doing this they laughed at our suffering. While on my way to the school the fighting was growing more intense. We were ordered to the gutters where we remained for several hours until the firing subsided a little. A woman holding a babe was killed but the innocent one survived. I came to the conclusion that my last moments had come too. I started to walk again and I thought I was dead. Of course I would be killed one moment or the other. Then with this sensation we faced death with a glorious feeling. Suddenly a bullet took my hat off. I was almost sure of death this time and enjoyed half an hour in Heaven. As soon as I gained consciousness I searched for my hat and walked on in clouds of smoke. Children with scared eyes looked around for their parents and parents looked for their children. And it is with terror and homage in my heart that I speak of all this. We had lost our homes, our territory, but we were ready to suffer longer and more and we will keep on that way should the cry "Debout les morts," be heard.

I never understood how it was that I received a newspaper from the United States just at the time when the allies had been back for a few hours. I saw the problem in this way. They probably brought some mail with them and that was how many of my friends and I received ours. All I received

was a piece of Indianapolis newspaper telling that the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lauler was in the fighting zone and that Mrs. Lauler was worried to death. They wondered if they could not have me come to the United States. I had never attempted to come to the United States because I could not even have a passport to go a mile from there.

The school was crowded with refugees, children especially, and guarded by the Huns day and night. Once I saw big machines coming. As it was in the village and the scene took place in the fields, many German troops were stationed in the fields. They saw the big autos approaching but just went on having a good time and did not bother about the machines. These, however, came clear up to them. As soon as the machines began to spit bullets they woke up. We could not see the men managing these guns and they could not either. I learned later that the occupants of the machines were Tommies playing a trick on the Huns . It must have been the beginning of the tanks but they appeared to us as terrible iron monsters. We surely were happy and proud of our soldiers and triumphed with them .

From our dormatory I had a clear view of the battlefield. I saw row after row of crosses as far as my eye could see. Oh, heroes in those graves! Give me strength, and courage!

Another sight came before my vision. The fields were lightened again. Just a little distance away I saw a dog watching over a mound under which were lying many soldiers who had been thrown in the day before. I whistled but the dog would not move. I looked and what did I see? It seemed to me as if the earth was moving. Was it a reality? I thought it was a mirage. It was not at all for soon the earth was thrown up and the dog howled for joy. Soon the grave was uncovered entirely and a wounded French soldier crawled out. The Huns had not seen whether their victims were wounded or dead. They just piled them up and buried them. I took care of the wounded soldier and his faithful dog which had watched for more than a day. That man is fighting the Hun today.

From a distance we heard a roaring sound. It became more and more distinct. I did not recognize the sound but it seemed to be a heavy machine. Every spring and autumn our fields and streets are somewhat flooded, thus making the ground insecure. The Huns must have forgotten about it. The sound came nearer and looking out I saw a German 42 cannon. It was covered with pine trees and drawn by nearly thirty-six horses. As soon as it was in the streets of our city it began to sink. The soldiers running the machine became very nervous, so nervous that they nearly pulled one another's hair out. I prayed and prayed that

it would sink. How glad I was and how mad they were. They missed another reinforcement and I am sure that by today the cannon has sunk several feet under the ground and they will never be able to use it.

Every day they brought in more wounded soldiers and we gave them first aid. Once they brought forty-five machines full of seriously wounded men. Many of them had died on the way. A few people were always anxious to look at the biers but this was not allowed. Once they brought in a young German soldier about eighteen years old. Death was near. An expression of distress covered his face momentarily and he asked for his mother who was so far away. The Hun then cried, "Stop that calling or I will finish you up entirely." He continued to call for his mother. A French woman passed the guard, stopped the bearers and kissed the boy and soon he died thinking his mother had kissed him. This woman is a heroine and the man who spoke so harshly is a nameless beast.

The plundering continued. I saw trunks on a wagon in front of the school. My dear little black aprons and dresses which I had put away for many years were taken to Germany before me. All my clothes disappeared and I never saw any of them again. We thought that the war would end Christmas that same year. It was a queer apprehension. Christmas came. I was sitting in the cellar embroidering an altar cloth which

I wanted to put on the altar for midnight mass and surprise the sisters. I had nearly finished it. Many times I was interrupted with my work by bombs and bullets which took a little walk in my room from time to time. But now it was finished and tomorrow was Christmas. On Christmas Eve I was walking around the big house. It was very cold and we had no light except a few candles for the chapel. It wasn't a chapel any more, just a little room with an altar in it. It was a very cold night. Through the snow the Huns carried the women and girls away to the trenches. They made the girls dance with them and thus celebrated Christmas. Many of the girls never came back. Shouting continued through the whole night. I was kneeling before the altar alone. My prayers were always the same. "God protect my parents, my brother, my friends and me." The candles soon burned out and there was only the twinkling of the little votive candles. The twinkling light fell on the little Jesus in the crib and He seemed to speak to me. I took the candlelabra from the altar and placed my little altar cloth with the Richelieu embroidery upon it. I was the only visitor until midnight. Soon the sisters came and midnight mass was said. Only a few songs were heard and the strains of the organ mingled with the roaring of the cannons echoed within the big stone walls. After mass the sisters left the holy place but I remained to

pray. I still had the flag which said "Liberty" pinned upon me, but I was not free.

A good sister wanted to remind me that it was Christmas and she gave me a little piece of chocolate which I took with pleasure. I could not eat it but let my memory wander back to the times when we had our presents in abundance. Now we didn't even have matches with which to light our candles. We went to bed when it became dark and got up as soon as it was light. There was no heat in those immense buildings and I had on very few clothes. The bullets gave us heat and thus the days passed. We were getting more hungry right along but what were we to do? Oh! the nice American flag. I hoped they would soon come to our rescue or the Huns would starve us to death.

A new rule appeared on placards that all men were expected to appear in front of the City Hall at 10:00 German time. The mayor of ——— was shot because he did not have the list of the names of all the boys ready when the officers wanted it. The young men were stopped on the streets and sent into the trenches where they were shot by our own soldiers. Some were sent to Germany and what they did with them we never knew. If a boy was found at home his parents would be punished with death and all his property would be seized. After all the furniture, money, etc., were taken away, they began the deportation of women. Hundreds of women and girls were taken to

The Pupils and Nuns Hastily Leave the City at the Approach of the Germans.

Germany to work and they will never come back because many of them are disgraced for their whole lives while others are dying in slavery.

Once the emperor was coming through our village and they had a very quiet reception. We wanted to see the emperor and we found a few photographs of him. We held them in our hands and glanced at the troops and then at the pictures but did not recognize him. At last we discovered him in a big machine very much like a big room. He stepped out of his machine but as soon as he heard the cannons roaring again he jumped back into the machine and hurried away. That was the heroic emperor who wanted to rule the world.

A newspaper man came through the lines some way and secretly distributed French newspapers. We were told many times that not one of our soldiers were left. In their newspapers they had taken France. In one newspaper they had even built a bridge from Calais to Dover and they were entering England in triumph and they promised not to leave one stone upon another. Poor, ignorant, civilized Germans. I got a newspaper and paid several francs for it. A London Times was sold for 100 francs. In my "Courrier" I found the name of Henri, the giver of my American flag. He was missing. The prisoners were in Camp ———. Henri was a prisoner. Can it be true?

CHAPTER VI.

The women were persecuted more and more. Some were even found crucified on barns with their breasts cut off. In front of our school we had a statue of St. Joseph. Every day in the cannon thunder I kneeled on the grass to ask his protection and guidance. Once five German officers saw me there. I just opened the front door to go back in when they stopped me, looked at the flag, and said, "Are you American?" The sister near me said, "Yes, she is an American." "From what city do you come?" "From Indianapolis." "Oh," he said. "I was just there a year before the war." And he began to speak English. I felt my knees sinking. What did the sister mean? I, an American. It was true, for my parents were living in Indianapolis, but I had never seen America and I did not speak English. A funny American. But I told him in French that I had been in the convent schools since I was a little girl. They concluded that I had forgotten my English. "Where is your passport?" he shouted. "I haven't any because I never needed any." But I thought of my newspaper. I showed the paper to them and pointed out to them a few lines which read: "Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lauler is

in France." They were half convinced that I came from Indianapolis, but they doubted. They left. It was on Sunday during the time we were in vespers when they came running in and asked for me. They had a German woman along who spoke French quiet fluently. They ordered me to be ready in an hour. "Pack your clothes," they said. "I haven't any," I answered. "They are already in Germany . He pointed his revolver but he did not fire. "Get ready. Where is your hat?" "I haven't any." I had a summer hat and this was winter time. I did not want to spend any money on a hat. I went to a sister and she gave me a piece of velvet from a priest's robe. With this I covered the hat in a few minutes. I even took my umbrella which was torn by bullets and the stick had been bent by a Hun. I took that and a few things in a handkerchief and presented myself. Then they tore me away from the sisters and I had not the least idea of where I was going. I was guarded by six guards. They probably thought I was going to fly away. We made half of the trip in a machine and the other half on a train. Where was I going? Were they going to shoot me? They first stopped at a chateau where resided a German general and his staff. It was a spy company. Nothing more. They all spoke French. I had to tell them what I had seen at the front and the general opinion of the people on the front. I said, "They all know that we are

going to win this war." Then he gave me a look. "We," he said, and he pointed a revolver at me. He looked at the German lady and said, "Take her to ———," and I did not comprehend the name.

We traveled over all the devastated country and I could not recognize one place. In one ruin I found an old man who said he was going to stay there his whole life. Then he pointed out to the east and stammered, "My daughter is somewhere over there," and his tears spoke and I understood but could not speak. A little farther away we found women and children in a half burned church. We passed Louvain. "Yes," said the guards. "If Belgium would have left the passage free all this would not have happened." The woman and the officers went into a house and demanded something to eat. The woman of the house said, "Mademoiselle, they came in the house, we ran to the cellar and peeped through the cracks and saw the Huns run upstairs, put some of my husband's clothes on and then they shot out from the attic at their own soldiers. Of course, they would miss them, and then they said that we fired on them, and soon after that everything was on fire." In going through Belgium two days I looked the misery and destruction straight in the face. Now I was ready to die.

On the freight train I sat simply against the wall without a light the whole night. The following day we passed Liege. We

were at the other end of Belgium. How I feared Germany ahead of me! A country I never wanted to set my foot on. Why didn't they send me back and let me rest in the ruins with my friends? I was detained several weeks near Aix la Chapelle, in a little room with guards at the door. They took me to the station several times and made me see a few French prisoners they had taken. They laughed at them and even spit upon them. Then I was taken back to my room and German women came to visit me. They wanted to know my opinion of the war. I wanted to know what the point was. I must confess, I cannot remember what I answered. A few hours before I was on the firing line, now in Germany. I slept on a straw mattress for many nights. The flag was still pinned over my heart. What did I dream one night? I was on a ship to the United States. Why could I not go to the United States? Oh, no, that was impossible. The guard often took me to the officer who asked me if I was still an American. "Why certainly," I answered, "and I shall never change." Then they sent me with guards to Frankfort. On the way I saw women working on farms. I recognized our own girls and women, but I could not speak to them. They finally thought they would convert me and make me forget all I had seen in Northern France and Belgium but I realized more and more the horror of it all. The women of Germany and

their spirit. They came to my room and described the French and Belgium atrocities. "It is too bad," they said, "that our soldiers are not doing more than they are, because if they would show what they could do the war would have been over long ago." That was their spirit and what we are fighting against every day. Every two or three hours I had to report to the officer and say, "Marie Rose Lauler is here." Then the officer would reply in gutteral tones, "Tell me that in German." I answered, "Dear sir, my tongue is not made for that." He saw the American flag pinned upon me. I left him wild with anger.

In the morning they brought me black water and black bread and when I broke it I found nothing but straw in it. I decided that it was special cake for me. In the afternoon I received something like soup. What it was made of I didn't know, but I had to eat it or starve.

CHAPTER VII.

I could not write anywhere. They brought me some newspapers, some of them printed in French, and I had to read them. They had taken Verdun, in one of them, and all the bells rang that day for the victory. They were even on good terms with Italy in their newspapers. Finally they brought me near Kehl. I was still an American. They decided that they would send me to the American consul in that city. I was taken there under military guard. As soon as we arrived at the station the order read that nobody was allowed to enter the city. The guards tried to find out what the matter was and they became consumed with excitement. I looked at a map hanging in the waiting room and I wondered if I could not go through Switzerland to France. Just at that moment I saw a train for Strasbourg. The guards were still discussing. As I was standing near the door, I made a short turn and walked toward the train. My conscience kept on telling me,—don't do it, but as I heard: "All passengers on board!" I jumped on the train. For the moment I was free.

Now I had to find my way to Switzerland and at the moment remembered that I had no passport. I thought that liberty

would never be mine. I was now going south towards Switzerland. It was in Colmar that the express stopped and I had to get out. "Passport," that was the only word that bothered me. All at once it occurred to me to use the passport to Kehl. The guards accepted it and took me to the Commandatur. I could not tell you whether this place was located in the city or the outskirts. I only saw liberty coming towards me. Before me were the open fields of the country, the mountains—the Vosges. I would walk day and night if only I could get on a sure path away from barbarians. We finally reached the Commandatur. I did not say a word. They looked at the flag and asked me if I was an American and I showed them the passport I had for Kehl. Before they had found out where I came from I went into the office where they delivered passports for a mile or two. I had no idea how far away I was from the firing line. They finally decided that they would send me to the general, whose name was Goethe and who was stationed not far from there. There they gave me ten minutes to get something to eat. I went into a store and bought a basket with a few things. I did not need to change my clothes because they looked worn out enough. I missed the general or the general missed me.

It was a beautiful morning in April. I walked out on the fields. I had no means of communication, but I did not become dis-

couraged, but on the contrary, like the other Maid of France I went singing on my way. The carrots and turnips I found on the way were enough to keep me from starving. I walked over twenty miles in two days. The good Lord guided me to a school house which was kept by French sisters. How happy I was to see them! And for the first time in three months I tasted a cup of coffee and a piece of war bread, which was a little different from the special cake I had before. I told the sisters my story and they advised me not to go any further. I remained there two weeks and during this time I made up my mind as to what I was going to do. There was no doubt that the huns were searching for me. I would rather be found alone in the fields than with the sisters as the latter were treated terribly and a most horrible fate would have met them if I were discovered under their roof.

They had a passport to go to the market at a small city not for from there. If I would use this I could get a little farther south and God would direct me after this. Upon arriving at Mulhouse I secured a passport under a fictitious name which took me another 20 miles south. I was still going to the market on this passport. Pretty soon the loud roaring of the cannons warned me that I was not only going south, but approaching the Vosges front. If I could go over the top, I'd risk everything.

With great confidence I walked on. The guards looked at my passport every two miles and then every mile. Now I was about 50 miles from Switzerland. The guards told me to wait until night came and then I could walk on. I simply nodded my head and waited. I ventured on the street after seven o'clock. I was alone and it was dark and snowing and I still carried my basket. I had no idea how far I was from the front but I soon found out. It must have been eleven o'clock at night. All at once a cannon began to roar at my left. They were stationed in lines not one hundred feet away from me. The lighting fuses flying around me and I walked between the lines. They fired for three hours. I was lying in the snow half frozen. I heard the yelling of the troops but I could not distinguish a French voice. The next morning I went through a walking trench and I reached a little village nearly all in ruin. I went into the cellar of the first house I saw. I heard feeble voices coming towards me and soon I recognized a voice, a voice of one of my classmates. How did she happen to be there? Words cannot express our joy when we met. With some other friends she had been in a sanitarium in the same little village and as the war came so suddenly she had to stay there although our beloved soldiers were only a mile from there.

I soon felt at home. We heard the barbarians tramping over us constantly and I

His Eminence Cardinal Mercier and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Irish Member of Parliament.

still feared every second that they might catch me. Oh! the atrocities of the Huns, committed wherever they passed. One of my friends was shot because she said: "Vive la France!" Many people from the same place were put to death, others sent away into servitude.

I became convinced that I would have to study the country longer before attempting to cross the lines. Bullets came through my hiding place, in the cellar, like rain. However I was inured to this. I found one morning two bullets on the floor and three in the mattress and did not hear a single thing the whole night. I had gone from one battle zone into another. The order was that nobody could leave the front for several months. In the meantime my food consisted of anything I could secure when the Huns were not looking.

If I were to go on and relate the endless weeks I passed in this cellar it would just be a repetition of the horrible events set forth in the beginning of this story.

It was a cold night in the second year of the war. At three o'clock the news came to us that the village had to be evacuated. In the confusion I lost my friend. Instead of going south I had to go north again because the order was given that nobody could go into Switzerland.

The little flag was upon my heart still and strengthened my determination to brave any number of battles if it would bring me

to the United States. Before I could perfect any plans I was again in the clutches of the huns. They brought us to the general's staff. There I walked into a big room and asked for a passport to the United States. They wondered if I were crazy. The general asked me if I were Marie Rose Lauler. They had received orders to search me. He then had me sent to Eichwald. There I was put into a house where a widow was living. The house was filled with soldiers. I occupied a little room upstairs. They again searched me, but to this day they never found my money.

CHAPTER VIII.

I was permitted to walk a square a day. Every two or three hours I had to report to the officer in command "Marie Rose Lauler is here." He would turn around and say: "Come back in three hours." During this period I had to get by stealth a pen, paper and ink. It took me a month in writing the letter as I progressed slowly, due to my fear of being discovered. After weary hours of suspense and watching I dropped the letter in the mail box. I was overcome with feelings of gratitude and satisfaction that my supplication was on its way to Ambassador Gerard. A favorable reply was returned to the General.

From time to time the officers questioned me as to what I remembered having seen on the front. I informed them that I did not know anything about anything. At one time the General gave me this message. Here are his very words: "If you go back to the United States you must tell President Wilson to stop sending munitions to the Allies, because if he did not do that, the war would have been over long ago." Yes, I thought and you would have Paris, London, New York and Washington. I want to

tell you, I have since delivered the General's message to President Wilson.

From this place I was transferred to Frankfort. My life went on the same as at the other camp, only here I was questioned by German University Women. Their whole energies were bent upon working for the emperor and they seemed absolutely sure of victory.

Not that I remember time, but I think it was weeks before the blessed day when my American passport was given to me. Before departure, one of the German soldiers asked me if I needed a satchel. I said: "Certainly." He brought me an old valise they had stolen somewhere in France, on the handle of which they had written "Hindenburg". I tore it off and threw it as far as I could and carried my valise with a string. Next morning all the bells were ringing for the great hun victory of Ypres, which they claimed to have taken. For me the bells were ringing for liberty in America and my message to the American people. To celebrate this victory, two German flags hung from my window, so during the night I put blue ink over the black stripe which ran into the white stripe and now I saw France victorious.

Early the next morning I was taken away and put on a train for Holland. Now we are at the German Custom House. Every passenger was given a slip of paper containing the information that nothing in the way

of food could be taken out of Germany. Also I was not permitted to take addresses, books or any article which bore one printed word. I had a little journal and up to this time had kept it secretly. As we came out of the train we were ordered to pass through the line of officers and they searched everything I possessed. The first one wanted my umbrella and asked me why I carried it along. It had been through a lot and was battered up but I wanted to keep it as a souvenir. The next one asked for my hat. He looked suspicious because he could see that the straw had been covered with velvet. He thought perhaps papers were hidden in it so he took it and tore the velvet off and since his search was in vain he threw the hat into the street. That was the last of my winter hat. Now my pocketbook was investigated. The next one wanted my valise and even took my tooth brush and kept it because it had a French word on it and no written word was to go out of Germany. Another officer found my notebook. I quickly said a prayer that he would not look in it. He probably would not understand it had he read it but I did not want to take any chances because I had given the Huns the worst possible titles. He did not look in it. I suppose he has looked in it since and I am quite sure that he regretted letting me pass by. At the end of this line of officers I was ordered to go upstairs, remove my clothing and be searched. Go

upstairs and be searched? I knew the train for Rotterdam would soon be in and I dared not miss it for it was my only opportunity to catch the steamer and they being irregular I was liable to be detained four or five weeks before taking passage. I had enough of Germany, and simply had to get that train, and there I was standing inside of the room in which we were to be searched. I heard my train pulling in and quickly I took off my shoes, stockings and skirt. Going to the door I said in a persuasive tone: "Please let me go, I have to go to the United States." The woman in charge opened the door and she was so excited over a girl she was searching thinking she had discovered a spy. She did not bother about me only to command me to go on. I ran out to catch my train, carrying my shoes, stockings and skirt and snatched my satchel from the officer but did not have time to get my other things because that was the last train out of Germany and I must not miss it.

I had plenty of time on the train to complete my toilet since I traveled from six that evening until the next morning through Holland. As the train was speeding on, oh, with what fervor I thanked God, whose omnipotent power had delivered me from the earthly hell of Germany.

Needless to say, moments of doubt came to me of my own good fortune. There were many Holland soldiers on the train and they talked all the way of the German atrocities

and sympathized with us refugees because Holland was filled with them. In Rotterdam I went to the hotel and took my money from its hiding place. Seating myself at the table the first thing my eyes rested upon was white bread. White bread! I had not seen any for more than two years. All I ate was black straw bread or something very much like it that made everybody ill. I did not stare very long at the bread and before the waiter came to me I had eaten three slices. It tasted like cake. After breakfast I went to the Transportation Ticket Office, purchased a ticket for New York, and we departed the same day. Our ship docked in England. As there were new mine fields around there it required sixteen days in the crossing. The last day the provisions ran out. But we forgot about this. In the distance I saw the statue of Liberty enlightening the world. It would be necessary for anyone to experience the same hours of suffering to appreciate the full significance of what "America" meant to me.

CHAPTER IX.

We landed in Hoboken. I thought I could walk right on into New York. "Just a moment," said the steward. Then I heard the call: "American citizens off first." I just wondered if I was still an American citizen. With my valise I entered the dining room of the ship. I was directed to officer number 7. He looked at the passport and said: "How long were you in Europe?" My! I was afraid they were going to send me back. "I have never been in this country." "How in the world are you an 'American citizen,' then, he asked. In a few words I tried to explain my situation. He ordered me on Ellis Island. When I heard this I cried "German prisoner, now American prisoner!" The officer smiled and replied: "Just go ahead." I lost no time now in seeking my train for Indianapolis. On the entry of the custom house I saw an employee of the railroad and I asked him the way to the subway. They tell us in France that people of the United States speak all languages, and I thought he would surely know French because it is the easiest one. Consequently I asked him: Monsieur, voulez vous me montrer la gare Pennsilvanie? He looked at me and said: "What in the — are you talking about?" He spoke so quickly and I

thought that he told me the street that would take me there and I answered, "Merci, Monsieur." (Thank you, sir.) I found the subway and it was not long before I was on my train to Indianapolis. I had a rather funny trip. Every little noise I heard, I thought it was a bullet and I ducked my head many times. I thought I was going to the end of the world. In Pittsburg I was all dressed, ready to step out. I thought we must have reached Indianapolis. The porter took my valise and said, "Where are you going?" "To Indianapolis." He smiled and said, "You better sit down a while." But I could not wait. At last I am in Indianapolis. My mother and father and brother and friends were at the station to meet me.

I was in America just a few months before war was declared.

Now, Dear Readers, my story is told. I say to you good-bye, hoping to meet you some day during my tour and explain verbally what I am unable to write.

MARIE ROSE LAULER.

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

France needs your help to preserve her noble race. Thousands of war orphans are to-day looking up to the great America for their comfort and their salvation depends on your generosity. Would you like to help them? If so, the following two ways will accomplish this aim:

1. Ten cents per day will take care of one orphan for one year. Communicate with the Secretary of The Fatherless Children of France, Penway Building, Indianapolis, Ind., and details will be given. (This society is under the High Patronage of Marshall Joffre.)

2. Send new and used clothing for men, women and children, to the French orphans Guard, Waverly Building, Indianapolis, and same will be sent in your name to France through the special transportation service of the High Commission of the French Government or the General Consul of Belgium, for the Northern part of France or when necessary by a special department of the Red Cross Society. Clothing and shoes are greatly needed.

Insert your name and address in package and the French receivers will acknowledge your gift directly.

For a club in your community and especially in your schools.

Let us remember this beautiful sentiment of the great Victor Hugo, "A home without a child is like a golden cage without a bird."